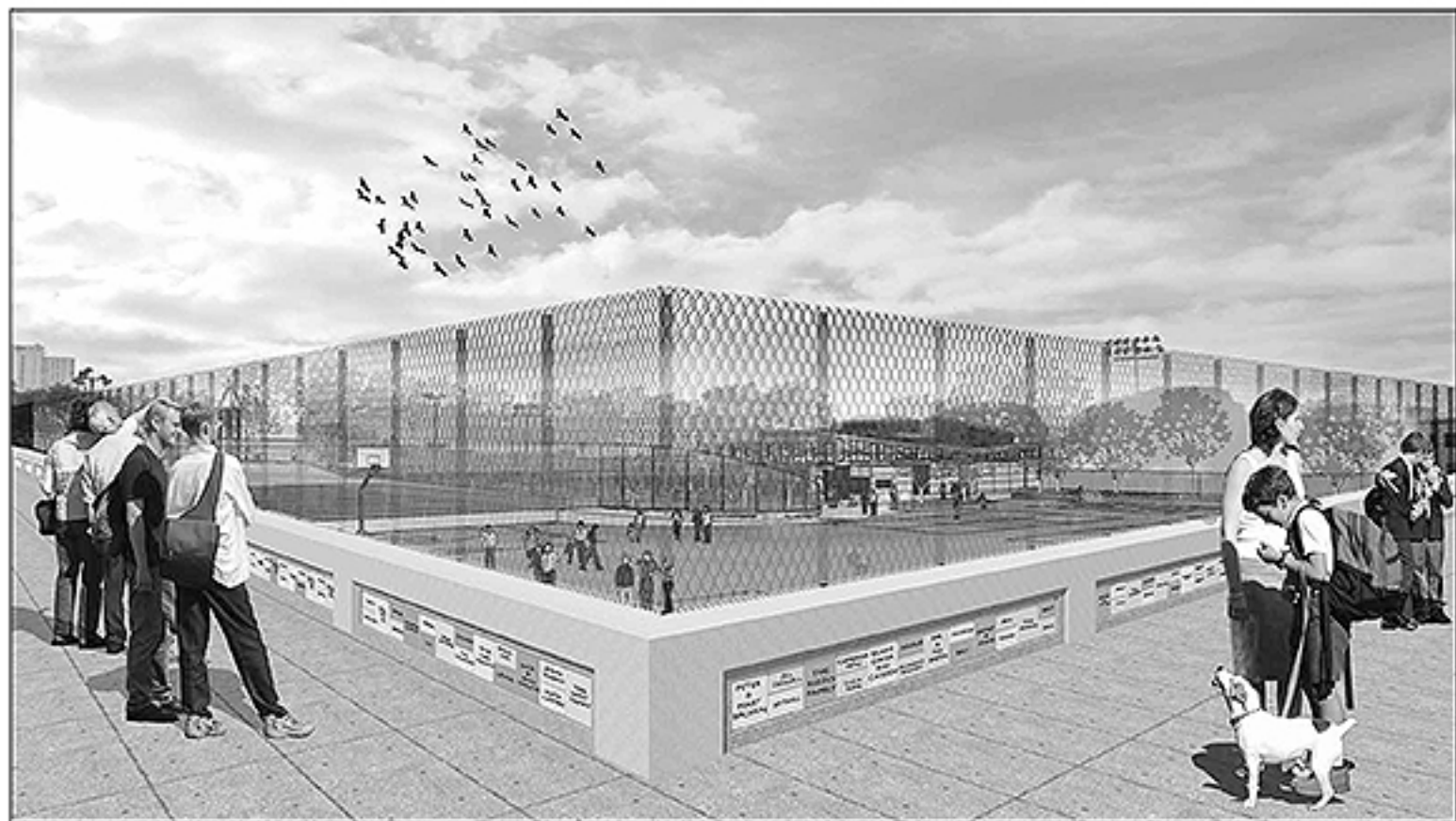


The Semaphore

A Publication of the TELEGRAPH HILL DWELLERS

Issue 207

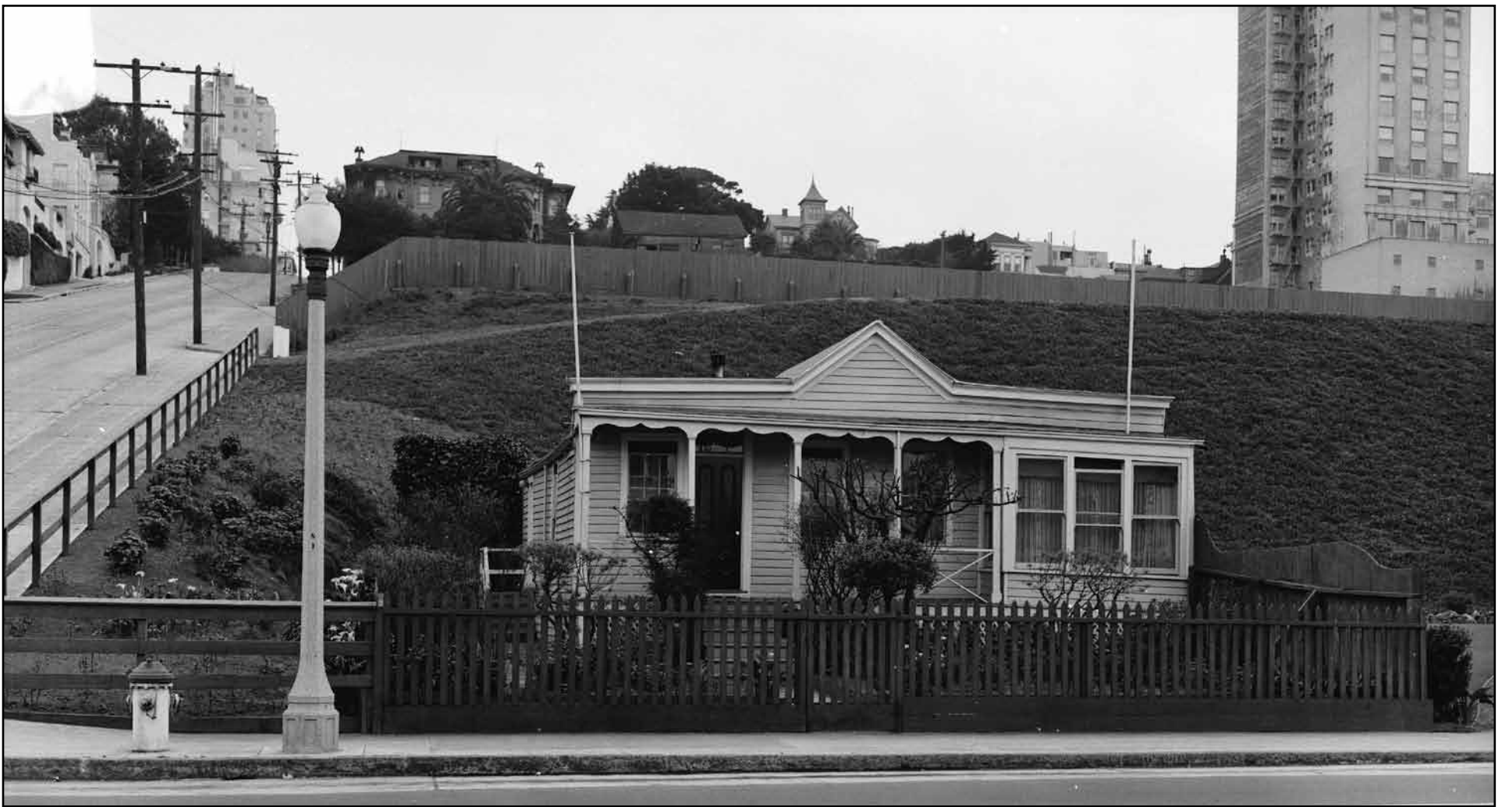
Fall 2014



Joe DiMaggio Playground
See Page 10

FRANCISCO PARK

THE ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY



Reservoir keeper's house at the corner of Hyde and Bay Streets, demolished in 1950 to make way for the current park.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS DIVISION

By Catherine Accardi

Disclaimer: While not officially within the boundaries of Telegraph Hill Dwellers, I can see Russian Hill/Francisco Reservoir from my residence on the beach that was the north beach. In other words, folks, if I can see it, it is in my neighborhood.

It took more than 60 years to achieve the once in a lifetime opportunity of turning the defunct Francisco Reservoir into a city park. The site has been a neighborhood eyesore for decades. Why did it take so long? Read on to find out.

On July 22, 2014, the Board of Supervisors unanimously approved Agenda Item No. 34 to transfer the defunct Francisco Reservoir from the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission

(PUC), to the Recreation and Park Department (RPD) in order to create a new public park for San Francisco. San Francisco District 2 Supervisor Mark Farrell's proposal called for RPD to take over jurisdiction of the entire 4.25 acre Francisco Reservoir property for the purpose of creating the park. The appraised market value of \$9.9 million will be paid over 12 years to the Public Utilities Commission from the San Francisco Open Space Acquisition Fund. The Memorandum of Understanding (MOU) that will document the transfer should be executed by the end of September 2014.

Supporters of Francisco Park have listed the following information on their website, <http://www.franciscoreservoir.org>. They are now moving on to Phase 2, which they have divided into three stages of work:

1. Legal: We are forming our own non-profit entity, the Francisco Park Conservancy (FPC), and will also apply for tax-exempt status under the IRS Code 501(c)3. This entity will be entering into a separate MOU with RPD for the design, construction, and maintenance of the park. We have engaged legal counsel to help us with these efforts.

2. Fund Raising: We will now begin to organize a fund-raising campaign to raise money to pay for the design and construction of the park. Thankfully, many pledges have been received already, but there will be



Reservoir as it appeared in 1930.

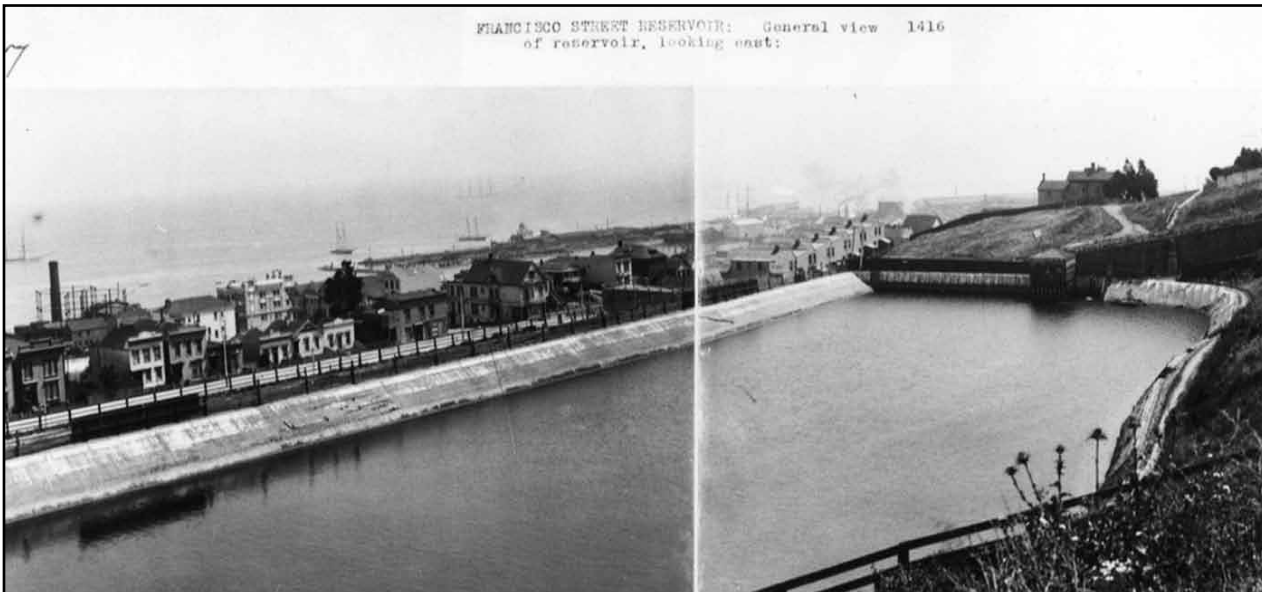
COURTESY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION ARCHIVE

more needed to complete the project and fund a maintenance reserve adequate to keep the park in good order in perpetuity. Until we have secured our tax-exempt status, your donations are held in a restricted account for Francisco Park with our financial sponsor, San Francisco Parks Alliance (SFPA) and are fully deductible to the extent allowed by law. The SFPA tax ID# is 23-7131784.

3. Site analysis and development: We have much to learn about the site, and will be working with the RPD to commission land surveys and environmental studies as soon as possible. We expect to be able to provide you an update on the outcomes and next steps in the next few months.

In 2008 reports surfaced that the PUC hoped to sell off the reservoir site, which sat unused for decades, to developers for \$50 million. The surrounding neighborhoods of Russian Hill, North Beach, and Aquatic Park, open space advocates, and local Supervisorial opposition began early in the process and continued aggressively for years to follow. After many public hearings, over a long period of time, the good news is that the neighborhood dream has finally become a reality.

continued on page 4



Francisco Reservoir as it looked in 1904.

COURTESY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION ARCHIVE

HERB KOSOVITZ

1928 - 2014

A remarkable man no longer walks among us. Herb Kosovitz, the opinionated, multitalented, 43-year resident of Telegraph Hill, died on July 30 after a brief illness at age 86. "86!" he countered, "What can you expect?"

Soon afterward, floods of fond personal memories of Herb flowed throughout North Beach and beyond and more will come. Herb's special manners charmed all whose lives and times he touched, be it a birthday or at dinner parties, for an architectural service, conducting neighborhood improvement projects, at city government hearings, engaging in first-class games of wits, or simply over a cup of coffee.

Professionally, he has been a well-regarded residential architect, graduating in 1956 from UC Berkeley's School of Architecture. In the early 1960s, he came to San Francisco and lived a few years on Russian Hill. In 1971, Herb moved into the Telegraph Hill home he designed and built on Chestnut Street where he resided magnanimously for some 43 years.

Though Herb enjoyed and was beloved for sometimes "curmudgeonly" behavior, he has left upon our community his great warmth of spirit. Washington Square remains intact today largely because of Herb Kosovitz's dedication.

—Katherine Koelsch

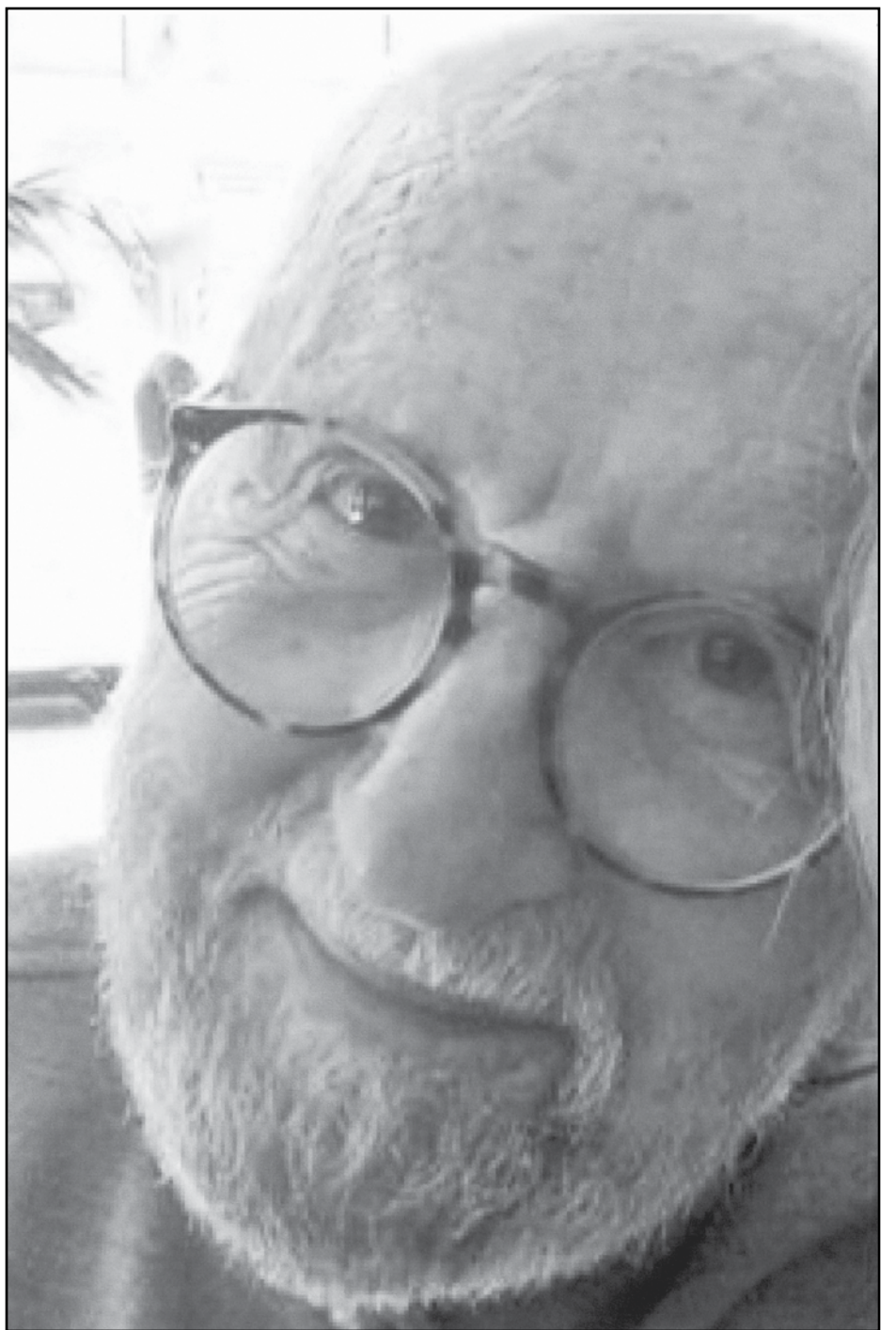
EULOGY

Our Herbert 'Herb' Kosovitz
April 13, 1928 - July 30, 2014

Uncle Herb was born in Kansas City, Mo., on April 13, 1928. His parents (Rose and Israel Kosovitz) immigrated from Russia at the beginning of the 20th century. Their large families settled in Kansas City and that is where they remained. My grandparents had three children: my mother, Leah, was the oldest; next came Norma, then Herb, who was 13 years younger than my mom. Of course, the two older sisters both spoiled and teased him, depending on the mood of the day. He was extremely close to both of them.

He served in the U.S. Army in Korea. Then he attended the university in Kansas City for his undergraduate degree — probably in the arts because I know that after graduation he moved to Paris for a year and studied art. In the 1970s, when I was a college student and spent a year in Paris, Herb came to visit me and we stayed at the same hotel where he had lived in 1950 and the proprietor remembered him and...he could still speak French to her! I think he realized that he could combine his creative skills with a meaningful profession. So, after his year in Paris, he went to UC Berkeley, graduated from the School of Architecture, passed his boards and never

continued on page 3



Recent monographs, Summer 2014:

Peter Zumthor, Backen Gillam & Kroeger, Aidlin Darling Design, Paul Rudolph, Charlotte Perriand, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Tadao Ando, Walter Pichler, Mickey Muennig.

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1/4 page 5 X 7 one issue \$145 - one year \$525

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FROM THE DESK OF SUPERVISOR CHIU



As the busy fall season continues, I want to offer my appreciation to everyone I'm working with to address affordability, livability and safety in our northeast neighborhoods and throughout our city. I also want to congratulate the Telegraph Hill Dwellers as we all celebrate the 60th anniversary of an incredible organization. I'm sure the next six decades will see more dedicated work by THD to create community and to maintain the special character of Telegraph Hill.

Improving the Stability of the Telegraph Hill Slope

We are looking forward to the start of a safety improvement project along the Telegraph Hill slope at Lombard Street, below Coit Tower. The steep, rocky cliff has a history of slides, including the 2012 failure that dropped chunks of hillside the size of minivans. Since then I have been working with the mayor's office, the Public Works and Recreation and Park departments and the neighborhood to make plans for a lasting fix and to secure the \$5 million for the job.

This critical safety work is set to begin this fall and should take 6-to-8 months. It will shore up the wall to improve the safety and stability of the hillside and reduce the potential for slides. Crews will start by scraping and hauling off loose rock and vegetation. Then they will install dozens of sturdy rock anchors and a hefty wire mesh to hold back the hillside. This is a unique project to protect the historic neighborhood and popular lookout. Questions can be directed to my office or Public Works at 415-554-6930 or greg.crump@sfdpw.org.

Preparing for the Next Earthquake

Many of us were shaken awake in the early morning on Sunday, August 24, by the largest earthquake in the Bay Area since Loma Prieta in 1989. The Napa quake has reminded us of the ever-present need to prepare

for the next big one. It is important that residents have conversations about preparedness with family, friends, neighbors and co-workers. We are fortunate that San Francisco has a wide variety of emergency preparation and management services. One service, AlertSF, is a free e-mail and text-based emergency notification system and we encourage residents to register. Also, the SF72.org website provides key information on what to do in an emergency, and following @SF_Emergency and @SF72org on Twitter provides emergency information and safety tips. Residents can also register for free for the San Francisco Fire Department's Neighborhood Emergency Response Team (NERT) to get involved in the community's volunteer response network.

It's worth noting that San Francisco has a track record of success in preparing for the next big one. In 2010 and 2014, voters overwhelmingly approved bond measures I sponsored to invest in crucial projects such as the Auxiliary Water Supply System and seismic upgrades of our police and fire stations. Just this week, we learned that 90 percent of the soft-story buildings met the recent deadline to be screened under the mandatory seismic safety program, which I also helped to legislate. This is good news, but we still have a ways to go. Let's keep preparing.

Major Ethics Reform Legislation Taking Effect

Over the past six years, I have passed several pieces of legislation to strengthen San Francisco's ethics laws. My most recent ethics reform, which I worked on closely with City Attorney Dennis Herrera, was unanimously approved this summer, with implementing regulations from the Ethics Commission to take effect shortly. Among other things, the measure expands the disclosure requirements for lobbyists and expands the definition of a lobbyist. Lobbyists who work for specific companies would now qualify if they have more than five contacts in

a calendar month; contract lobbyists would qualify if they get paid at all for lobbyist services and they have one or more contacts in a calendar month. These changes move us away from having to figure out whether someone has been paid enough to trigger registration as a lobbyist. An additional aspect of the legislation will for the first time require systematic disclosures for permit consultants - often called expeditors - who work to help project sponsors secure permits from the Department of Building Inspection, the Public Works Department and other city agencies.

Welcome, Samantha

I am very excited to welcome Samantha Roxas as our newest aide. Many of you in North Beach and Polk Street may remember her from her time in my office in my first few years, when she was a fellow through San Francisco State's Institute for Civic and Community Engagement. Since graduating from S.F. State, Samantha has worked in the offices of U.S. Senator Barbara Boxer and Representative Jackie Speier. Her intelligence, energy and experience will serve District 3 residents well. I hope you get a chance to meet her soon. I also want to sincerely thank my former aide Catherine Rauschuber, who is off to pursue personal adventures after four-plus years of incredible work on issues ranging from improving Broadway to urban agriculture. Thank you, Catherine!

As always, please don't hesitate to contact me or my staff with any questions, suggestions, or concerns.

Office of Supervisor David Chiu

President, San Francisco Board of Supervisors

City Hall, Room 264

San Francisco, CA 94102

Phone: (415) 554-7453

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Herb Kosovitz *continued from page 2*

looked back. He lived in Berkeley in the early years, but eventually moved to the city.

It was easy to see that he had a great gift for design, even in places where he lived that he rented. To me, they were always beautiful. He built the first of the two houses he lived in on Pacific and then built and moved to the location you know of, on Chestnut.

Because he was close to his sisters, my cousins and I were always close to Uncle Herb. Later, when we grew up and had our own lives, our spouses became close to him, too. Our extended family was not very large and when we lost our parents Herb became both our uncle and our father. To my two daughters and my brother's two sons, Herb became their grandfather. As a matter of fact, our family referred to him — often jokingly — as our "Patriarch," which indeed, he was.

He was present at Bar and Bat Mitzvahs — as the "Patriarch," he was the family member who was chosen to pass the Torah scroll from generation to generation. As everyone knows, Herb was not religious, but we knew he got a kick out of being at these Jewish life-cycle events. He loved the continuity of family. He was also present at high-school graduations, college graduations, medical-school graduations, weddings, and so on. I know that Herb was especially proud of his nieces and nephews and there was enormous... just enormous love among them all.

Everything I could possibly write about Uncle Herb seems so special to me. He could step into my house and simply suggest that I move a few pieces of furniture and this would make the entire place look brand new. He was a wonderful listener and confidant; we could share anything with Uncle Herb, anything at all. He loved reading, music and especially movies. If he liked a film, he made us watch it (sometimes more than once) and he would watch it, too. Maybe for the fifth time! Because of Herb, no one in the family ever dares to use a grammatical phrase incorrectly; and God forbid we should put an apostrophe where it does not belong, or end a sentence with a preposition! He could be opinionated and even a bit grumpy at times, but that just made us love him more.

I was the lucky child who got to visit him in his beautiful houses when I was small; then when I would

come out to visit my grandmother (his mother), who moved there in the mid-1960s to be closer to him; and then I chose to attend Mills College in Oakland — one reason being that I could be close to him in San Francisco! What wonderful years those were... I would often come and spend weekends with him, and sometimes he would go out of town and leave me the keys so that I could come there and stay with college friends. Who would not love to do that?

Herb really loved his Telegraph Hill community. Anyone who stayed with him would be treated to early morning walks all over the place; stopping here or there for coffee or for lunch. Dropping off laundry at Kim's on the corner, playing Scrabble at Sapore, or just getting a croissant at Boulange. He loved Washington Square; it was so important to him that the grass and trees and plants be beautiful. He would always introduce me ("this is my niece from South Carolina!") to the gardener in charge at the time. Sometimes on our walks he would tear off handmade signs from telephone poles, saying, "They are not supposed to be posted there." He wanted the neighborhood to remain beautiful.

From the outpouring of kind e-mails and letters I have received since Herb passed away, it is clear to me that he was not just loved by his family. He was kind, extremely generous, witty and even cantankerous... all rolled up into one person. If his friends and acquaintances were sad to see him go, then imagine how it is for those of us who were his loving family? Not a day has gone by since I left San Francisco at the beginning of August that I do not think of him, managing to both cry and smile at the same time. It is so hard for me to imagine life without our beloved Herb, but it gives me great comfort to know that there are so many of you out there who feel the same way.

—Amy Lerner Comolli, niece to Herb Kosovitz

Longtime resident of Telegraph Hill, Herb Kosovitz, died July 30. He is missed by many, many other Hill activists, Scrabble players, music and food lovers, architects and clients. We miss seeing his lanky silhouette walking around North Beach, most recently with a cane he made himself.

According to his obituary in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Herb was born April 13, 1928 in Kansas City,

Mo. He came to UC Berkeley's School of Architecture in 1952, moved to San Francisco in 1956 and practiced residential architecture until his retirement in 2008.

In 1971, he designed and built the building he lived in at 340 Chestnut St., on what had been an almost empty lot. At the time, Jane Winslow lived at 330 Chestnut and had a beautiful view of the Golden Gate Bridge from her bedroom window. Needless to say, she did not think favorably of "that man who built the building next door," until she met him. "I met him at a Telegraph Hill Dwellers' dinner, where I had brought a model of the to-be-built Garfield School. (I was one of several parents working with architect George Homseya.) I met Herb and it was 'like' at first sight. When we moved to Montgomery Street, he designed the renovation of our condo. What a talent he had for making small spaces usable."

Former client Jane Robbins said that "Everything good about our house is thanks to Herb," who came up with many creative changes over the years.

Helen Griffin, another Hill resident at the time, met Herb when he was building his Chestnut Street home. She and Herb "Liked to go to the 'wine-infused' THD dinner meetings (graciously presided over by Anne Halsted, then Jane Winslow), which were serious, but lighthearted and fun." Helen and Herb and other architects, all solo-practitioners, for many years met every month to support each other. When Herb retired at age 80 he "never regretted it—he had done enough architecture." Helen, as do others, commented on his speedy demise. "He visited my family on Memorial Day and was well, coming on BART, refusing the offer of staying all night. He returned on BART and said he was going to walk home. At 86. Two weeks later, he began the testing that led to his diagnosis. This I know about Herb—he would not have wanted to linger on. So for him, a fortunately short illness. Difficult for the rest of us."

Longtime friend and buddy, Blanche Streeter, also remembered the suddenness of his death. Almost exactly two months before his death, he was at her home playing Scrabble with friends and enjoying an early dinner. She will always remember his thoughtfulness during a recent convalescence.

—Jane Winslow





A WILL IS A WAY

Make a lasting commitment to the neighborhood by remembering Telegraph Hill Dwellers in your will. Your support will help beautify and protect the character of the neighborhood you love.

Telegraph Hill Dwellers Gift Planning Project

for more information call Jon Golinger at (415) 531-8585

or email Jon.Golinger@thd.org

Francisco Reservoir *continued from page 1*

The Francisco Reservoir will become San Francisco's newest park.

Four surrounding neighborhood associations had partnered together to form the Francisco Park Working Group, the lead organization that coordinated all community efforts. The group was made up of members from the Russian Hill Improvement Association, Aquatic Park Neighbors, North Beach Neighbors, and Russian Hill Neighbors. Their persistent, extraordinary effort will benefit San Francisco residents and visitors for decades with this once in a lifetime opportunity to create a park from "surplus" land. The parcel is even flanked by the Hyde Street cable car line, and this, along with the magnificent sloping site, makes for the quintessential San Francisco experience. The sounds of sea gulls, parrots, clanging cable cars will mix together perfectly. It is expected the next step will begin with a second phase of community-driven proposals leading to the final design of the new park.

The story actually began over 160 years ago, in the mid 1800s, when the population of San Francisco was growing exponentially, due in part to the fact that San Francisco was the main port of entry during the Gold Rush. A wooden flume from Baker Beach travelled along the coast near the Presidio, past Fort Point and Fort Mason to the pumping station at the foot of Van Ness Avenue.

It was in 1861, during the Civil War, that the San Francisco Water Works built Francisco Reservoir, constructed to hold 2.5 million gallons of water. And

so it went until the 1930s when the city acquired property through the purchase of the Spring Valley Water Company which allowed for construction of a second reservoir. By the 1940s, the Francisco reservoir became obsolete with the construction of the new Lombard Reservoir, just up the hill, now covered by tennis courts.

In May of 1958, the water department officially declared Francisco Reservoir surplus and prepared to sell the parcel to developers. The developers' plans were for two 20 story apartment buildings taking up most of the original site. During the 1960s, debate over development plans continued although local and vocal opposition was growing.

On Sept. 25, 1958, the Parks and Recreation Department sent a letter to Mayor George Christopher outlining why the entire property is necessary to "provide adequate recreation and park services for this densely populated district". On Sept. 30, 1958, the PUC declared the property no longer surplus due to overwhelming resistance to commercial development at the site. And so it went, literally for decades, as citizens fought against developers for control of this grand parcel of urban land. To the horror of many, in 2006, the PUC decided, once again, to declare the property surplus and prepared it for sale.

The Francisco Reservoir Working Group was formed in June of 2011, and all was about to change for the better. From 2011 to 2014, the group worked tirelessly. The community effort finally paid off this year when the Board of Supervisors voted to approve the jurisdictional transfer of the Francisco Reservoir from the PUC to the Recreation and Park Department.

Over the years, as a San Francisco native and lifetime resident, I have visited the site many times. I have a secret parking space halfway up the hill, adjacent to the reservoir that always seems to be available when I need it. For many years the southwest corner of Hyde and Bay streets was the location of the reservoir keeper's house. Historic records indicate the house was constructed between 1860 and 1865. It



Even the Golden Gate Bridge is visible from the new Francisco Park site.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI

was demolished in the early 1950s to make way for the current park. The dwelling was one story with a small gable over the center and a glassed-in porch on the right side of a veranda. Although the reservoir keeper's house is long gone, I am still greeted by a lovely view of the city by the bay when I exit my vehicle in the space magically reserved for me. Quite breathtaking this vista. Although I may lose the use of my secret parking space, in the next few years we all will gain a magnificent park.



Looking down at the reservoir and Bay Street in 1962.

COURTESY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION ARCHIVE



View from Francisco Reservoir looking northeast.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI



View from the proposed park with Alcatraz Island in the background.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI

WHO IS GOING TO SOLVE THE TRIANGLE MYSTERY?

Willie Pates, our Semaphore copy editor, has asked me if I could solve The Triangle Mystery. “The what?” I puzzled out loud. He went on to explain.

“In North Beach, history is all around you. Sometimes, it’s even beneath your feet.

Down Columbus Avenue, at the corner of Taylor Street, is a large triangle embedded in the sidewalk stretching from the curb to the wall of a building.

“At the three corners of the triangle are the letters A, B, C respectively. Each of the three legs of the triangle has a different word spelling out ‘Triangle Sales Company’. On the surface of the triangle are the faded remnants of blue paint, signifying what?”

“So, what was the Triangle Sales Company? When did it originate and when did it close?”

Currently at this location is the International Sports Club bar. Is there any connection between it and the mysterious triangle? What’s the story?

“When you’re walking around North Beach, look under your feet. History might be right beneath your shoes.”

I couldn’t have described The Triangle Mystery any better. This mysterious triangle is located on the sidewalk in front of a bar at 1000 Columbus Ave. There might be some clues to uncovering the meaning behind the Triangle in the item I have included below. It is an excerpt from a Jan. 1, 1920 report titled “The



The mysterious Triangle on the sidewalk.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI

Commercial, Financial, Industrial and Governmental Metropolis of the Pacific Coast”:

Department Wins High Praise

The Industrial Department of the Chamber is fre-

quently called upon to present San Francisco’s claims for recognition as the logical location for new industrial enterprises seeking Western expansion. In conjunction with the Research Department the preparation of such data is a matter of almost daily occurrence, comprehensive briefs being prepared which set forth in an attractive way San Francisco’s advantages as a manufacturing, jobbing and retail trade center.

The subjoined letter from the Triangle Sales Company, a large Eastern machinery house, which has in view the establishment of a Pacific Coast branch, shows that our efforts are sometimes appreciated:

March 18th, 1920.

Mr. C. A. Day,

My Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 12th inst. duly received, and I wish to thank you most cordially for the splendid way in which you presented the claims of San Francisco upon our minds. We will give the matter the consideration it deserves, and I shall hope to meet you personally some of these days. It may be possible that I will call upon you again for some additional data.

Triangle Sales Company.

(Signed)

Arthur Francis,
Vice-President

So, what does it all mean? Who is going to solve The Triangle Mystery? If you have any information on this bit of obscure San Francisco history, contact the editor of *The Semaphore* at caacat@comcast.net. ✂



The intersection of Columbus Avenue, Taylor and Chestnut streets, where the Triangle is located alongside the International Sports Club.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI

NEIGHBORHOOD SAFETY

We do not have an official Neighborhood Safety report for the Fall issue of *The Semaphore*. However, up-to-date news is available from the San Francisco Police Department’s Central Station website, <http://sf-police.org/index.aspx?page=805>.

In addition, informative reports are available by subscribing to Central Station’s e-mail newsletter. Instructions can be found at the lower right of the Central Station home page at the internet address above.

If you would like to contribute items to *The Semaphore* regarding neighborhood safety issues, contact the editor, Catherine Accardi, at caacat@comcast.net.

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5

AN AFTERNOON OF JAZZ

By Catherine Accardi
Semaphore Editor

Longtime residents of North Beach, along with many new faces, mixed nicely at NEXT Village San Francisco's third Annual Jazz in the Village fundraising event on Sunday, September 21. The historic San Francisco Italian Athletic Club was all jazzed up with the delightfully nostalgic sounds of Mal Sharpe and his Big Money in Jazz band as they performed a medley of tunes from the 1940s, '50s and '60s. The elegant voice of our own local legend, Faith Winthrop, was the delicious icing on the cake.

The Park View Room, overlooking Washington Square, was packed with guests enjoying a seriously delicious buffet, including wine, while mingling for several hours appreciating each other's company. We were also able to gaze over the panorama that was the park, Russian Hill and Saints Peter and Paul Church from the balcony. It was intimate, friendly and the perfect way to close our summer days and welcome in the fall.

This fundraiser celebrated NEXT Village San Francisco's third year of fostering a strong feeling of community and mutual support systems that enable older residents of San Francisco's northeast corner to lead vibrant, active and healthy lives as they age in place in their homes and neighborhoods.

Make a notation on your 2015 calendars for next September's Afternoon of Jazz event. Check the NEXT Village San Francisco website at <http://www.nextvillagesanfrancisco.org> for future details on this not-to-be-missed event.



Mal Sharpe and his Big Money in Jazz band performing at the 2014 third annual Afternoon of Jazz.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI



Art and Carol Peterson.



Steve Hord and Jacqueline Zimmer.



Kaye Griffith.



Art and Carol dancing to an afternoon of jazz.



Patricia Callahan and Masa Hirayama.

FRIDAYS AT ENRICO'S; THE WAY IT WAS

By Art Peterson

During the rambunctious 1960s, writer Don Carpenter could regularly be found on Broadway at Enrico's sidewalk cafe trading truths and lies with fellow literati such as Evan S. Connell, Curt Gentry and Richard Brautigan.

It is not surprising then that Carpenter's recently published posthumous novel, *Fridays at Enrico's*, is partially set in the North Beach milieu of the '50s and '60s. These were the years when Charlie, one of the novel's protagonists, was able to rent a sunny, two-room apartment on Genoa Place for \$45 a month and furnish it with stuff picked up on the cheap at Figone's Hardware and the "Army surplus store on Stockton." Not only that, but Charlie, a student at San Francisco State, was able to manage the then-leisurely drive from the college to Telegraph Hill in a breezy 20 minutes.

Despite the title, North Beach is only one of the book's settings. In addition to San Francisco, the characters are placed in Portland, Hollywood and Marin County, all environments where Carpenter had lived. Encompassing two decades, the novel focuses on the successes and travails of four writers who, in the words of one critic, are "continually emerging," living in a world of never quite satisfied ambition, sharing foibles common to all of us.

If anyone was qualified to explore the vicissitudes of the writing life it was Carpenter, who before his suicide in 1995 seemed to serve as a sounding board for just about every writer on the West Coast. Ann Lamont, the successful memoirist and neighbor of Carpenter in Mill Valley, explained how Carpenter would deal with the frequent phone calls from writers imposing their litany of woes on his sympathetic ear. He would listen, then provide the caller with one of three responses: "Uh-huh," "Hmmm" or "too bad." When Lamont launched into a tirade of writerly complaints, Carpenter had his response ready. "Uh-huh, he said.

The publication of *Friday's at Enrico's* comes as part of a resurgence of interest in Carpenter's work. His first novel, *Hard Rain Falling* (1966), considered one of the best explorations of what was then called "juvenile delinquency," has been republished by the *New York Review of Books*. Before he ended his life with a gunshot, a traumatic climax brought on by 11 years of multiple health problems, he had published seven novels, as well as screenplays and stories, all of which received more critical acclaim than popular attention.



Left to right: Curt Gentry, Don Carpenter, Richard Brautigan and Enrico Banducci.

COURTESY OF CHRIS CEFALU

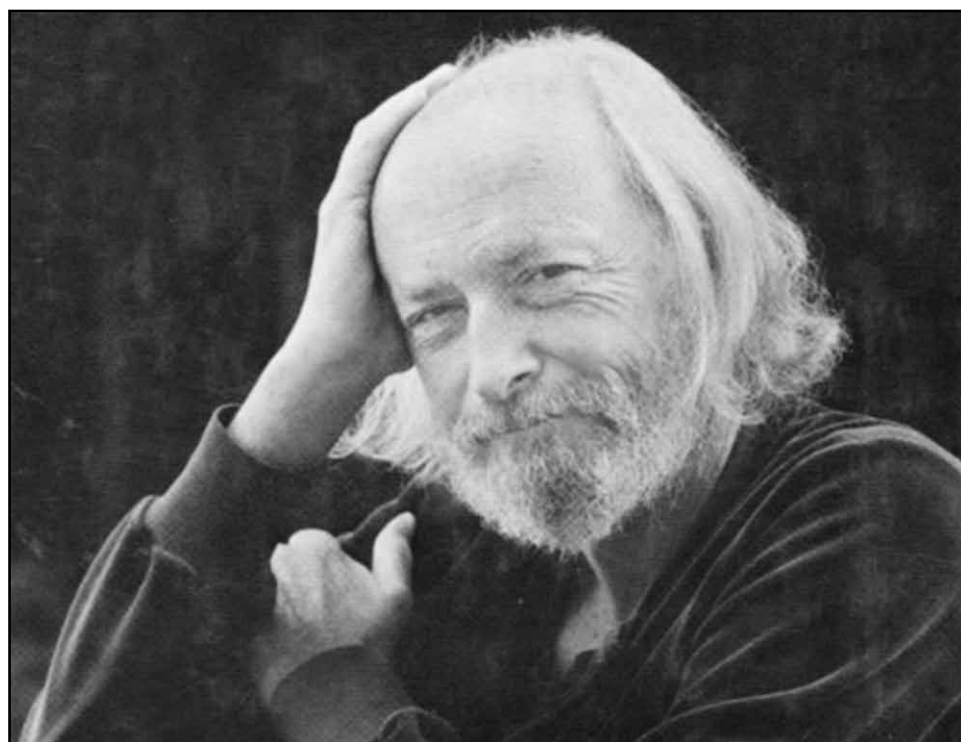
With increasing interest in Carpenter's work, his daughter and other caretakers of his estate made the decision to go public with the nearly 40-year-old manuscript which is *Fridays*.

The task "of making whole" the uncompleted text went to Jonathan Lethem, author of the highly regarded novels, *Motherless Brooklyn* and *The Fortress of Solitude*. Lethem has been a dedicated advocate for Carpenter's work since the 1990s when, while working as a clerk at Moe's used book store in Berkeley, he was tasked with "confronting the books that weren't selling." He came upon a copy of the Carpenter novel, *A Couple of Comedians*, that Norman Mailer had blurbed as the greatest Hollywood novel ever. Given the opportunity to prod into being *Fridays at Enrico's*, Lethem jumped at the chance. He retyped the book to "get Carpenter's syntax into my body... More than anything, I took stuff out" from Carpenter's edited draft. "Against what I removed, I added just a few passages covering some missing transitions, and the odd inexplicable lapse or two... There may be five or eight pages of my writing in this book, but I'd like to think you'd never guess which."

One aspect of Carpenter's novel that has surely been there from the beginning is the author's reliance on locales of the time. To San Franciscan's of a certain age—like me—just reading the names of these places uncorks a flood of nostalgic, if fuzzy, memories. You may not remember the Hot Dog Palace on Columbus, or the (for then) upscale hamburgers at the Hippo on Van Ness, but I do.

I am there with Charlie when he buys his books at McDonald's "down on Turk Street... where they got thousands of books, and nobody down there knows the value... fifty cents, Melville, fifty cents, Norman Vincent Peale, fifty cents. It's all fifty cents to those guys."

When Charlie's girlfriend and future wife, Jamie, raised in Pacific Heights, expresses an interest in the bars of Upper Grant, I am prepared to tell her about them. She is curious about The Coexistence Bagel Shop (1398 Grant) where the only bagel was a giant one that hung from the ceiling like a low-rent Claus Oldenburg. The Bagel Shop had its own poet laureate, Bob Kaufman, who once described the venue's clientele: "shadow people... mulberry-eyed girls in black stockings smelling vaguely of mint jelly... turtle-necked angels... coffee faced Ivy-leaguers whose Harvard was a Fillmore step." Jamie wants to know about The Place, (1546 Grant) where beatnik pilgrims from all over the world flocked hoping to catch a glimpse of the no longer present Jack Kerouac and where Alan Ginsberg is said to have tested out stanzas of *Howl*. This mid-



Don Carpenter.

COURTESY OF CHRIS CEFALU

dle-class young woman would have felt more or less at home at the weekly Blabber Mouth Night when Bohemian want-to-be's from the Financial District came to observe as the locals mounted the grungy stage to harangue, sing, recite poems, or perform magic tricks, all judged on their capacity to be terminally outrageous.

On a North Beach outing, Charlie takes Jamie to Tosca, not the current iteration with its celebrity chef, or even the previous version presided over by the estimable Jeanette Ethridge, but the original run by three grumpy, old Italian guys, who once refused to serve Ginsberg because he was shoeless. Carpenter's description of the place makes us appreciate what has been preserved. The room is no longer filled with smoke, but "Madam Butterfly" is still available on the jukebox, and the "well-dressed good looking people" still display themselves in the red leather booths. The "chandeliers with their fake candlesticks and little red lampshades" remain intact. Not surprisingly for the time, the 19-year-old Jamie, has no problem ordering a drink, perhaps a more challenging exercise today.

The couple's next stop, unfortunately, is gone forever. There are few clues that Urban Curry (523 Broadway) was once Mike's Pool Hall. At Mike's the couple watched "flames hiss from the long stove behind the counter where three cooks in white fried hamburgers and flipped what looked like scrambled eggs in little frying pans." The pair drank, "little glasses of strong almost bitter house wine" and watched the pool players as the place filled with "bartenders, barmaids, strippers, parking lot attendants, and Italian men in blue suits and gray hats."

By providing images such as this, Carpenter alerts readers to the way the neighborhood has altered. But there is also evidence in the book that the more things change the more they stay the same. At one point, Charlie is offering Jamie a ride home. She declines. "You don't want to lose your parking place," she says.

Art Peterson's book, *Why Is That Bridge Orange? San Francisco for the Curious*, is in its third printing.



BAY AREA BIKE SHARE WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT

A cadre of aqua bicycles stand at the ready on Grant Avenue, alongside Caffé Trieste. They are waiting patiently for the next adventurous soul to take them for a ride. These persevering, delicately colored bikes are part of the San Francisco Bay Area Bike Share program. The program began in August 2013 with a system of 700 bicycles available at 70 stations, half of those in San Francisco and the remaining along the Caltrain corridor in Redwood City, Palo Alto, Mountain View and San Jose. The program's goal is to provide Bay Area residents and visitors with an additional transportation option.

The bike fleet consists of specially designed, heavy-

duty bikes at a network of stations. Bay Area bikes can be rented from and returned to any station, creating an efficient network with many possible combinations of start and finish points.

Alta Bicycle Share, Inc. was selected to operate the program. It is one of the few, perhaps the only, American firm focused on providing large-scale bike-share systems. The bikes are supplied by Public Bike System Co., responsible for more than 14,600 bikes used around the world.

Bike Share was launched as a pilot program with two phases, operated by Alta Bicycle Share, Inc., in partnership with local government agencies, includ-

ing the Bay Area Air Quality Management District (BAAQMD), San Francisco Municipal Transportation Agency, SamTrans, Caltrain, the County of San Mateo, the San Mateo County Transportation Authority, the City of Redwood City and the Santa Clara Valley Transportation Authority. The initial pilot phase cost approximately \$7 million, with \$1.4 million in funding provided by BAAQMD, \$1.3 million from the local agency partners and \$4.29 million from the Metropolitan Transportation Commission.

There were plans for a second phase that might begin in spring 2014, but no official date has been set. At one point, phase two was expected to add 300

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LAUGHTER ON THE HILL

By Margaret Parton
(Excerpted and edited by William Pates)

We are continuing the adventures of Margaret Parton, whose 1945 memoir, *“Laughter on the Hill,”* is a North Beach classic. In this episode, Margaret must prove her mettle.

Girl Reporter Sweats for a Scoop

Ed Rosenthal, who worked in the sports department of the *Call Bulletin*, dropped by one night with exciting news. Caroline Clifton, the only girl reporter on the paper at that time, was leaving to have a baby, and Fred Walker, the city editor, was desperately trying to fill her place. It might take a couple of weeks’ dickering – but would I be interested in trying out?

Would I!

Mr. Wallingford was becoming more and more eccentric. His solicitous concern over every detail of my life and his incessant and fallacious interpretations of every expression that crossed my face were almost driving me mad.

Without telling Rosy anything about it or writing my parents, I went down and talked to Fred Walker. Handsome and sardonic, he both frightened and encouraged me with his promise to look over what I’d written and let me know in a week. So for a few days I had time to think over what I knew of newspaper work, of editors and of the *Call Bulletin* in particular.

Carrying on the worst of the Hearst tradition, it was not a good newspaper. It was shrill, blatant, bigoted and sentimental. In a city which demands sensationalism in its newspapers, the *Call* was outstanding for its screaming headlines and startling makeup.

At the end of the week, Fred Walker called me into the *Call* office and told me I would have a week’s tryout for Caroline’s job.

“Just a week,” he said darkly. “I’m going to try out five other girls, and you’re the first. Report at 7 Monday morning.”

Dancing on angel’s pinfeathers, I dropped by to see Ed Rosenthal. He told me solemnly how to behave, how to sit down at a desk, how to act as if I were an old-timer.

“Walker told me he was going to give you a grueling test,” he warned, “and make it so tough that you’d want to quit. But if you survive it I think he’ll keep you on.”

The city room of the *Call Bulletin*, its desks shining under bright electric lights, was almost deserted when I arrived at five minutes to 7. That was fortunate, because I was so terrified of this new adventure that only prayers kept my knees from buckling. Besides, 6 in the morning was about four hours earlier than my usual rising time. I had time for only three cups of black coffee, and that obviously wasn’t enough.

Sleepily and timidly then, I walked into the quiet room.

Mr. Walker merely nodded, first at me, then at a distant desk, with an impersonal lack of discrimination between the desk and me. I sat down at the desk, saw that the printed name “Caroline” had been pasted on the typewriter, peeked in the drawers and saw that they still contained Caroline’s notes, and began to feel like an interloper.

Crouched on the edge of my chair, ready to leap if Mr. Walker should call me, I stared at him fixedly, waiting for my first assignment. He never looked my way. I chanced a few glances at the other reporters now opening their desks and tossing their coats and hats over the rims of the tall wastebaskets. Not one of them looked at me, and no one spoke, even the young man at the next desk. Perhaps I should’ve spoken, but I was too frightened, two forlorn.

I didn’t know it then, but that morning I was going through what Morton Sontheimer, in his book *Newspaperman*, called the “blisters on the buttocks” period.

It was awful. I sat and sat and sat. I had read my paper twice and my fingers were too cold to try to write

a letter—even if I had dared. So I sat some more.

Mr. Walker, heading for the water cooler in the corner, seemed to notice me with a start of surprise, and came over to the desk. Expecting to receive an assignment at last, I adopted an expression of alert hopefulness.

He wandered away, but in a few minutes was back with the half-column clipping from a morning paper, an account of a turkey show in Boyes Springs.

“Boil this down to a few paragraphs. And remember that writing for a newspaper is serious business. A reporter has to be earnest.”

Inasmuch as I hadn’t cracked a smile for at least 24 hours, I felt his injunction unnecessary. To call my attitude earnest would be an understatement.

It took me half an hour to get the turkeys rounded up. Walker took my story, read it, grunted an “O.K.,”



and said I could go to lunch. As no one had volunteered to tell me where anything was, and everyone looked to forbidding or too busy to ask, I blundered around for 20 minutes looking for the ladies’ room. It was a worthwhile trip, though—I saw a lot of private offices and art rooms, discovered where the library was and unearthed a machine which sold eskimo pies.

I wasn’t given any more work all afternoon, but the monotony was broken by Ed Rosenthal, who dropped by to ask how I was doing. I said I didn’t know, but what was the matter with all the other reporters... was I a leper or something?

“Well you see,” he explained, “for the last three or four years Caroline was the only woman reporter on the paper. She’s a swell girl and a good reporter and everybody was crazy about her. So they’re bound to resent you.”

The second day was a different matter entirely. I had barely walked into the office when Walker yelled at me. “Take a cab out to 10000 Divisadero and interview a gal who tried to commit suicide last night, or maybe someone tried to bump her off. Ex-sweetie of Stinky Kelly, indicted 10 years ago for corruption. Husband’s name is Weiskopf, owns the biggest nightclub in town. Get going!”

Feeling like something out of *The Front Page*, I grabbed copy paper, jammed on my hat and got.

“What’s the matter, girlie,” the cab driver asked. “You seem kinda nervous.”

It was a long drive out to Divisadero Street, so I

told him. He was excited and sympathetic.

“Don’t you worry girlie,” he said. “I’ve hacked for lots of reporters, and I’ll see you through.”

We drew up before a four-story Spanish-style apartment house, in a middle-class residential section. The garage doors were on the street level, and beside them a flight of brick stairs that led to the apartment entrances.

The street was deserted in the early morning fog, curtains drawn at the windows of every house and the dew lay thick on the grass beside the steps. Shivering with excitement and curious little ripples of fear, I started up the stairs—then stopped dead in horror. On every step, redder than the bricks, stickier than the dew, but still wet, still running, lay puddles of blood.

“I th-think m-m-maybe you better come here,” I called faintly to the cab driver.

Bolstered by his presence, I rang the bell of the door marked Weiskopf. Nothing happened. I rang again, and Perry Mason or Philo Vance might have detected a slight scraping noise behind the locked door. I wasn’t sure I did. The cabby had tiptoed down the steps, following the trail of blood, and after a while I went down to the street again and shook the locked garage doors. From behind the corner of the house the cabby’s head popped out.

“Hey, girlie, come here!” he called.

He indicated a window in the side wall of the garage. The glass had been broken.

There was just room for a body to slip through. Inside the garage was a black car, the door by the driver’s seat open. Faintly I could smell the sweet, sick odor of carbon monoxide.

“I’ll climb through and look around,” the cabby said.

“No, I’ll do it. I guess I should.”

There was an empty whiskey bottle on the front seat, and the keys were still in the ignition lock although the motor was turned off. Bloodstains led from the window to the car, then across the concrete floor to the garage doors.

“Hey,” called the cabby, “you better get outta dere-but quick!”

I scrambled through the window. A pale little man was just stepping out of a taxi at the corner. He paid the driver, then turned toward the house.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he snarled.

“Just looking around,” I said. “Where’s your wife?”

He was a tough little guy, wiry and tense, and he looked as if he had a hard night. His right hand was wrapped in a tremendous bandage, the blood already beginning to seep through.

“What’s it to you?”

“I’m from the *Call Bulletin*. I want to see her.”

“You can’t. She’s resting.” He tried to rush by me, but I caught at his arm. He jumped as if he were a cat on an electric wire.

“What happened?” Walker had just assigned me to see the wife, but I thought I ought to find out.

“Look,” he said, clipping his words with mock patience, “we were on a party last night and we both got stinko. Thelma took the car and came home. She drove into the garage and passed out, with the motor on. I came home a while later in a taxi, saw what happened and pulled her out. That’s all.”

I felt that at any moment he would pull out a razor and start slashing. A curtain moved in the front window of his apartment, and we both caught a glimpse of a bleary brunette, peering at us. He gave me a venomous look, darted up the stairs and slammed the door. I went around the corner and telephoned the Weiskopf apartment. The tough little guy answered the phone.

“Is Thelma there?” I gurgled through my handkerchief over the mouthpiece.

“Who wants to know?”

“Why, this is Rosie Rhoads, an old school chum. I just got in town and I thought I’d look up dear old Thelma.”

“She’s in Carmel,” he said and hung up.

The cab driver offered to buy me a beer, but it was

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RESTAURANT REVIEW

NORTH BEACH GYROS CORNERS

THE HUMMUS MARKET



By Carol Peterson

North Beach Gyros
701 Union St. at Powell
San Francisco, CA 94133
415-655-9665



North Beach Gyros Restaurant is located at 701 Union St. at Powell.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROL PETERSON

The coveted restaurant spaces around Washington Square are in demand more than ever. That's why when the owners of North Beach Gyros saw the corner location at Union and Powell streets had become available, they quickly signed a lease. The partners had looked all around the city, but nothing fit their concept until they found this site. In addition to the corner hot spot, they loved the ethnicity of the neighborhood.

The three owners, Ihsan Akildiz, Salih Guler and Abdurrahman Kaplan, are Kurdish from Turkey,

but they met at a community center in San Francisco. They became friends and decided because of their shared common experience they would open a restaurant. Ihsan had worked in the kitchen of a 5-star hotel in Turkey, nine years with Cunard Cruise Line and six years with Royal Caribbean. Salih has 30 years of experience in cooking the cuisine that would be their specialty. Abdurrahman brings his financial expertise. Ihsan told me, "I think we fit well in this neighborhood. Not everyone wants to eat Italian everyday."

The first dish I tasted was the Appetizer Combo (\$12.95). I could have stopped there. Every morsel on the plate was scrumptious. Each item is made in-house, a very labor intensive process that shows. The hummus was creamy and rich. The dolma was moist, but not greasy. The sautéed eggplant, with sliced cucumber, oregano, parsley and garlic, stood out. The delicate falafel was made of deep-fried garbanzo beans, accompanied by romaine lettuce and tahini sauce. The exquisite baba ghanouj was made of chopped eggplant, fresh herbs, lemon juice and olive oil. Cacik is yogurt with diced cucumbers, oregano parsley and garlic, combined perfectly with the freshly made pita bread. For a vegetarian, this is the perfect meal. For the quantity and quality, it's probably the cheapest and best appetizer in North Beach.



Partners Abdurrahman Kaplan and IhsanAkildiz taking orders at the counter.

Laughter on the Hill

too early in the morning and I was too gloomy. We went back to the apartment house. The bloodstains were still wet. I rang the bell and this time the little pale man came to the door.

"Hello Rosie," he said. "We're still not talking."

That was that. I called Walker again and he told me to come on in.

Walker didn't seem particularly annoyed when I came in and tried to explain my failure. I thought he ought to know about the bloodstains and the bandage on Weiskopf's hand, but he cut me short.

"Sure, sure," he said wearily, "we know all about that. We've had reporters out there and down at the

hospital since dawn, ever since he pulled her out of that garage where she tried to bump herself off. I knew you wouldn't get in – just wanted you to make him so mad he wouldn't let in any of the sob sisters from the other papers."

On Friday afternoon, Walker sauntered over to my desk and sat down on a corner, swinging one leg gently. "Your week is up," he said

I gulped at the stomach blow.

"I told you I was going to try five other girls. You still may have a chance."

And in the meantime?

"You might make a good newspaper woman some-

and plentiful. They were accompanied by a large portion of tender, fragrant jasmine rice with small pieces of fried vermicelli added for flavor. The addition of chicken stock and butter made this rice much more than an add-on to the dish. The plate was ample with a salad, a roasted half tomato and a basket of pita bread.

The gyros are not to be missed. I have had many sloppy, not well-prepared ones, but these gyros seemed to have the perfect combination. There was the marinated, slow-cooked lamb and beef, thinly sliced, with a creamy yogurt sauce (\$12.95). This came with rice, salad and pita bread. The same was true for the chicken gyro (\$11.95). We had three people at this tasting and the appetizer plate and a gyro cut into three pieces was plenty of food for our lunch. If you are interested in a Mediterranean mixed grill (\$16.95), it is 1.5 portions of mixed grilled chicken kebab, lamb kebab, kofte (lamb and beef) kebab and gyros served with rice, salad and pita bread. This also would be a great meal to share, as you would be able to taste many of the restaurant's dishes.

North Beach Gyros is not the place to skip dessert. The Baklava (\$4.50) is luscious. Ihsan explained why.



Appetizer plate.

"It is made in about 20 layers. We coat about 10 layers individually with sugar. Then we finely grind walnuts and pistachio nuts and put them on a couple of layers and start layering the sugared pieces again. Then it is baked. If you were to put a commercial baklava next to ours, the taste test would tell all. This homemade pasty is a tried-and-true recipe." I believed every word.

North Beach Gyros is open Monday-Thursday, 11a.m.-10p.m.; Friday-Saturday, 11a.m.-11p.m.; Sunday, 11a.m.-9p.m. A great part of their business is takeout. Free delivery is available on orders more than \$30. They also cater. They have applied for a wine and beer license and that will be granted in about a month.

I take my hat off to these three energetic restaurateurs, who have captured the corner and plan to give the neighborhood another ethnic taste to enjoy.



SAN FRANCISCO'S NORTH BEACH — BE A PART OF ITS HISTORY, HELP CREATE ITS FUTURE



Rendering of the Joe DiMaggio Playground Commemorative Tile Wall.
IMAGES COURTESY OF JULIE CHRISTENSEN

A commemorative wall around the soon-to-be-renovated Joe DiMaggio Playground will honor the successive generations of great families, individuals and institutions that have forged and sustained North Beach. Neighbors are donating tiles with the names of their parents, grandparents, children and grandchildren, their businesses and civic organizations. Their tiles will join those of notable neighborhood families and groups in a list that will preserve for generations the North Beach we know and love.

The band of commemorative tiles, handmade in California by Fireclay Tile, will encircle the Joe DiMaggio Playground on the perimeter wall along Greenwich, Powell and Lombard streets. Donation levels are \$300

(for a 4" x 8" tile) and \$500 (for an 8" x 8" tile). The Friends of Joe DiMaggio Playground are working with their fiscal sponsor, the San Francisco Parks Alliance, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit, and tile donations are tax deductible. The number of tiles is limited and donations will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis.

As a bonus, proceeds from the tiles will top off the renovation budget for the Joe DiMaggio Playground, helping to provide more than 50 new trees and planted zones, a fabulous new children's play area, an olive-shaded picnic spot near the renovated bocce courts, more basketball hoops, resurfaced sports courts and new tennis courts, more seating and shade. The long-overdue renovation, scheduled to begin in late 2014, will provide



Joe DiMaggio Playground tiles size and format options.

open space and fresh air, greenery and beauty, and a place for gathering and recreation for all ages in one of the city's densest and most ethnically diverse districts — and one of its most visited.

Details about the tiles and how to order them can be found on the Friends of Joe DiMaggio Playground website at <http://wwwDiMaggioPlayground.org>. Or, check at Carmel Blue, 1418 Grant Ave., and other local businesses for order pamphlets.

THD GOES TO THE ALL SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY CONCERT

By Tom Noyes
THD Membership Chair

For the 36th consecutive year, the San Francisco Symphony held its All San Francisco Concert on Thursday, September 4th. I know that THD has participated in at least the last 16, and that it is the hottest ticket on the THD social calendar. The tickets were sold out four days after the U.S. mail went out and two days after e-mails were sent. I tried this year

to encourage people to let me know if they could not go, so I could pass the tickets to persons on the waiting list. Because of your cooperation, we were able to help a couple of people who otherwise would have missed the event. Almost every seat was taken, for the first time in my memory.

This is a gift from the symphony to the civic organizations of San Francisco, underwritten primarily by Wells Fargo. For the minimal handling cost of \$10 a

ticket, each civic organization of San Francisco can request up to 32 tickets. As usual, THD requested the maximum. We were fortunate this year to get our check in quickly, so we had orchestra seats. Did I say this was a hot ticket not only for THD, but all of San Francisco? I inquired if we might have gotten more tickets, but was told that for the first time they sold out to organizations, no tickets were returned, so there was no possibility of extra tickets. I highly suspect this will be a trend.

The concert opened as usual with the audience singing the national anthem directed by Michael Tilson Thomas. The maestro seems to truly enjoy this concert as the symphony performed the following weekend's program. The energy in the audience is evident. We tell the symphony how much we appreciate them and they give back with an extra energetic performance.

In the photo, please notice longtime member Dawne Bernhardt, front right, with the rose in her teeth. She was one of the beneficiaries of the returned tickets and we had to meet at the symphony entrance. She told me she'd be the one with the "rose in her teeth" -- and she was!

A few words about the process of obtaining tickets. I send U.S. mail to people without e-mail in early August. Two days later, I e-mail everyone else and allow online reservation/payment for tickets. U.S. mail with the same postmark date as an online payment has priority. I've done this for several years to try to make it fair. However, suggestions for a better system are welcome, taking into account that we want to be fair to people without electronic access.



THD audience at the All San Francisco Symphony Concert.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM NOYES



WATERFRONT COMMITTEE REPORT

CIVIL GRAND JURY FINDS S.F. PORT IN URGENT NEED OF REFORM



By Jon Golinger

In response to a citizen's complaint regarding politically connected developers seeking to override the Waterfront Land Use Plan for profit, the San Francisco Civil Grand Jury released a comprehensive report in June following an investigation of port operations and how decisions are made. This independent review by the grand jury thoroughly exposed the deep dysfunctions that have led the Port Commission to waste valuable time and money pushing politically juiced developments, such as 8 Washington, that violate the waterfront plan and do not have public support. Now that we have a diagnosis of the port's maladies, the only question is how quickly the Grand Jury's recommendations to fix the waterfront can be implemented and whether City Hall will act or the people will have to lead instead?

Some of the highlights from the Civil Grand Jury report "The Port of San Francisco – Caught Between Public Trust and Private Dollars":

A New Waterfront Maritime and Land Use Plan

The Grand Jury found that it is time to revisit the nearly two-decades-old Waterfront Land Use Plan, adding additional focus on maritime roles and ensuring that the public is fully engaged in the process of setting guidelines for the port. The Grand Jury recommended strengthening enforcement of the waterfront plan and enhancing citizen oversight to ensure that attempts to circumvent it and current waterfront zoning laws are no longer "the exception that establishes the rule."

Change Driven by Mayoral Interference and Political Agendas

The Grand Jury found that the port is making substantive progress in some areas, but has been severely hamstrung by operational burdens placed by other city entities, primarily the Planning Department and the mayor's office. Over the past few years, the port also has not maintained the necessary level of outreach to the

public, instead relying heavily on city officials to guide decisions.

A New Port Commission

An important element in ensuring that the port's future and its planning is the product of greater public input, the Grand Jury recommends a state legislative change and approval of a San Francisco ballot measure to reform the appointment of port commissioners. The current system authorizes the mayor to make all five appointments to the Port Commission, many of whom are political contributors or supporters of the mayor with no real expertise in waterfront planning, environmental preservation, or maritime operations. The Grand Jury recommended putting a ballot measure before city voters in November 2015 that would begin the process of changing state and local law to split appointments to the Port Commission between the Board of Supervisors and the mayor.

You can download your copy of the Civil Grand Jury report about the port at this website: <http://civil-grandjury.sfgov.org/report.html>.

Newsom, State Lands Commission Feel Heat Over Prop. B Lawsuit

Lt. Gov. and former S.F. Mayor Gavin Newsom and other members of the State Lands Commission are feeling the heat from a growing controversy about its backroom decision to sue San Francisco in July in an attempt to throw out voter-approved Proposition B and waterfront height limits, which would silence the voice of city voters on waterfront-development issues.

On Friday, August 15, the *San Francisco Chronicle* put Newsom on the spot by running a pointed op-ed piece by former Mayor Art Agnos entitled: "Why is Newsom suing S.F.?"

Later that day, at a well-attended news conference in front of the Ferry Building, waterfront supporters held up "Yes on B/Protect the Waterfront" posters and signs that said, "Gavin Newsom and State Lands: Stop Suing San Francisco!" Supervisor David Campos urged San Francisco to stand united in defense of Prop. B, say-

ing that residents should have a say in what is developed on the waterfront. "When the state of California gave the port and the waterfront in trust to San Francisco, the state was not giving it to some bureaucrat or some commission in the Port of San Francisco," Campos said. "It is the people of San Francisco who decided to support Prop. B."

Becky Evans of the Sierra Club and other waterfront advocates spoke of the need for residents to support City Attorney Dennis Herrera's decision to vigorously defend Prop. B.

While Newsom snuck in a side door of the Ferry Building to avoid the San Franciscans at the news conference, *48hillsonline.org* publisher Tim Redmond caught up with him and asked Newsom whether he had voted to sue San Francisco and why: "We all did," said Newsom, meaning the three commissioners were unanimous. How does he feel about suing his former city, the place that gave him his start in politics? How does he feel about using the power of the state to tamp down the will of the voters in his hometown? "That's a ridiculous question," Newsom said. "I represent the state of California, and I am upholding California state law."

During the State Lands Commission meeting, the commissioners had to move the Prop. B lawsuit topic out of the planned closed session in an attempt to defend their decision before the media and the citizens who showed up to testify. Michael Warburton from the Public Trust Alliance testified that the mission of the State Lands Commission to steward an open waterfront for all the people is contradicted by its lawsuit against San Francisco and urged commissioners to drop the suit. In my testimony, I asked Newsom why he believed it was not hypocritical for him to star in TV campaign ads last fall urging San Francisco voters to approve the 8 Washington developer's ballot measure, when a few months later it is his firm position that San Francisco voters approving waterfront ballot measures is an illegal act. Newsom refused to answer, saying only: "Anything I say now would not be constructive." That was a sad commentary, but probably true. ✂

The Lilly Hitchcock Coit Memorial Literary Society
meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month. For more information,
contact Carol Peterson at 956-7817.

FRIENDS OF WASHINGTON SQUARE
Meet on the 2nd Tuesday every month, with work parties in the Square every quarter. See website for times, dates, locations.
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PARKING AND TRANSIT REPORT

We do not have an official Parking & Transportation Report for the Fall issue of *The Semaphore*. In lieu, perhaps the following information might be useful. If you would like to contribute news and updates on neighborhood parking and transportation matters for future issues, contact the editor, Catherine Accardi, at caacat@comcast.net.

Central Subway Project

Construction crews are removing the final tunnel-boring machine (TBM) and restoring the site at 1731-1741 Powell St.

On Columbus Avenue between Union and Filbert streets: Installation of new streetlights and landscaping by Sustainable Streets continues and will be completed by the end of the year.

Updates on the Central Subway Project are available at <http://www.centralsubwaysf.com>.

Columbus Avenue Transportation Projects

The SFMTA will be constructing transit bulbs on Columbus Avenue between Filbert and Union streets, widening the sidewalk on both sides of the street for this block. Transit bulbs are an extension of the side-


walk allowing for Muni customers to get on and off the bus and for the use of pedestrians travelling up and down the corridor.

Construction will be between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. most weekdays. Lane closures during construction will be 24/7. Only one lane in any direction will be closed at any time.

For detailed information on Columbus Avenue projects go to <http://www.sfcta.org/transportation-planning-and-studies/neighborhood-transportation-planning/columbus-avenue-neighborhood-transportation-study>.



***Thanks, North Beach, for
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EMILIA-ROMAGNA ARRIVES IN NORTH BEACH

The Italian Homemade Co.

716 Columbus Ave.

(Between Filbert and Greenwich streets)

San Francisco

415-712-8874

Open Tuesday-Sunday, 8 a.m.- 8 p.m. (Closed Monday)

By Mary Tolaro-Noyes

The Italian Homemade Co. opened in North Beach on Aug. 21, 2014, and the authentic *piadina romagnola* (a flat, unleavened bread made with wheat flour, olive oil, salt and water) is finally here, along with other food specialties from Emilia-Romagna. This north central Italian region includes Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ravenna and Rimini, the home of the *piadina romagnola* and of the couple who just arrived in our neighborhood.

Alice Romagnoli (Ah-lee-chay) and Mattia Cosmi (Ma- tee-ah) fell in love with San Francisco this summer for its beauty and culture. Alice explained, “It is a city with a human dimension, comfortable for living.” They chose North Beach because it reminded them of home and the neighborhood lacked a locale offering fresh handmade pasta, the *piadina* and other specialties from Emilia-Romagna. Historically, their location was once a ravioli factory, which pleases them very much, because one of their missions is to carry on the cultural and food traditions of their Italian heritage. The proprietors are young and creative. They offer authentic Italian street food -- Italian fast-food that is made-to-order in about five minutes, tasty, and healthy.

A sensory experience begins upon walking in the door of **The Italian Homemade Co.** A huge pot of simmering ragù Bolognese simmers on the stove and the aroma of fresh bread welcomes me, and every customer, as do the friendly smiles of the newly married couple.

The large space has the feel of a big Italian kitchen. To the left of the door, a huge chipped white antique hutch displays common tools of a family’s busy home kitchen: a potato ricer (for the *gnocchi*) and a rolling pin (for the *pasta al mattarello*), the only tool they use to make their handmade pasta.

To the right of the door in the back, a steam table and display, an industrial stove and huge grill dominate. However, the most important space is tucked in the right front corner: the **Pasta Lab**. The magic originates there, where Alice and her assistants create the dough for the fresh pasta and *piadina*.



Storefront of The Italian Homemade Co. located at 716 Columbus Ave.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM NOYES

A wood-plank eating bar and a few chairs offer customers a place to eat inside. They hope to expand the eat-in possibilities soon. Meanwhile, their Italian street food menu functions just fine.

This menu includes a variety of made-to-order **fresh pasta dishes** with a choice of sauce, as well as three baked pasta options, one of which is usually **Lasagna with Bolognese Sauce**. The signature sandwich begins with the *piadina* bread, which resembles a tortilla, and is stuffed with a variety of traditional fillings, including, but not limited to, imported meats and cheeses. The bread is cooked on the grill as you wait and the chosen fillings added while it is still warm. The *cassone* sandwich looks like the traditional Italian *calzone*. The *piadina* bread dough is shaped into a circle folded in half over one of a variety of traditional fillings, sealed and grilled.

Besides the regional sandwich and pasta selections, vegetable fillings and side dishes are prepared everyday: tomato, pepper and onion *au gratin*, grilled seasonal vegetables and garden-fresh greens and vegetables. Beverages include soft drinks, juices and bottled water, both sparkling and still.

Fresh pasta and *gnocchi* and the sauces to complement them are available to prepare at home: *tagliatelle*, *pappardelle*, potato *gnocchi* and meat and/or vegetable ravioli. Some daily “surprise” pasta specials appear as well, depending on the weather, the fresh ingredients available and the whim of Alice and Mattia!

A recent conversation with Alice emphasized the couple’s sincerity and intention to participate in the life of our community. When asked, “Why should someone want to eat here?” she answered, “We have done it all ourselves, from the signs to the table, and we are very proud of our work and what we offer. We are young people who respect

our traditions and want to share them. We do not use pasta makers, only the rolling pin and the best ingredients, just as I learned from my grandmother Maria in Rimini. As with anything else in life, one must begin with the basics. One must know how to use her hands and all the senses to understand the process and arrive at the wonderful final product. The process takes time to learn, but the results allow her to give something precious to others. That is the goal of our business here: the tradition of authentic Italian street food for you in North Beach, and for the visitors who come here.”

As someone who has spent considerable time in Bologna and Emilia-Romagna for the last 20 years, I encourage you to check out **The Italian Homemade Co.** You will not be disappointed. ✂

Mary Tolaro-Noyes, author of *Bologna Reflections: An Uncommon Guide* and *Gathering Chestnuts: Encounters Along the Way*. Both books are set in the Emilia-Romagna region and are available through Amazon.com and other web bookstores.



Delightfully quaint, hand-painted sign for The Italian Homemade Co.



Proprietors Mattia Cosmi and Alice Romagnoli.

DAVID VAN VLACK DIBBLE

FEB. 5, 1928 – JUNE 6, 2014

David leaves behind Frances Bauer Dibble, his wife of 30 years, his sister Sarah Dibble Kirby, and many nieces and nephews and their children.

He was predeceased in death by his parents Oliver Dibble and Isabelle Bishop Dibble, his brother Oliver Dibble, and his sister, Daphne Dibble Greene Wilkins.

Raised in Woodside before moving to San Francisco and then to Oakland, David came from a pioneer California family. As a young man he was able to work as an old-fashioned cowboy, driving cattle on horseback from the Central Valley to the Sierra Nevada in the springtime.

David graduated from University of California, Berkeley, with a B.A. in Economics with the class of "50" then served in the United States Marine Corps during the Korean War. Later, he was able to sail the Pacific Rim and around the world on steamships with the American President Lines. Thus, he was able to have been both a cowboy and a sailor, before graduating from law school and being admitted to the California Bar in 1963.

David was inspired by his great grandfather, Henry C. Dibble, who wrote California's first civil rights law enacted in 1897 and devoted serious effort in school integration in Louisiana in post-Civil War Reconstruction before settling in California.

David practiced law for more than 20 years before specializing in the teaching of students with blindness



and visual impairment after receiving an M.A. from San Francisco State University in 1981.

David was a voracious reader and kept a diary for over 50 years. In it, one would find his passion for his-

tory, thoughts on matters of justice, race and culture, local and world politics, technology, world religions, economics, and the goings-on of family and friends.

He loved giving tours as a docent aboard the USS Potomac and in the history, natural sciences, and art galleries of the Oakland Museum of California. He served on the boards of the Ministry to Seafarers at the Port of Oakland, the California Heritage Council, and the vestry of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He was president of the Telegraph Hill Dwellers in 1976 during his 30-year residence on Alta Street in North Beach, San Francisco. An oral history is on file at the Bancroft Library with the Rosie the Riveter World War II American Homefront Oral History Project.

David was a kind, elegant gentleman. He had strength, wit, and intellect. We can add to his biography of cowboy and sailor with that of lawyer, scholar, teacher, and friend. He will be dearly missed.

The Threshold Choir sang to David at his bedside each week for his last three years. Donations can be made to them in David's memory to East Bay Threshold Choir by post to East Bay Threshold Choir, c/o Jacquelyn Marie, 301 Lenox Avenue PH1, Oakland, CA 94610 or online at thresholdchoir.org.

Services were held on June 26 at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. A reception followed in the Parish Hall.

Published in San Francisco Chronicle on June 15, 2014

Bay Area Bike Share *continued from page 7*

bikes and 30 stations with 150 bikes at 15 stations in San Francisco. These additional stations were planned for the Mission District, Upper Market, Hayes Valley, Duboce Triangle, the Castro and possibly Mission Bay. Continuing survey and data analysis point to the Mission and Upper Market as potentially the most attractive areas for a positive response.

The Bay Area Bike Share is the first large-scale bicycle sharing system implemented on the West Coast. According to BAAQMD, it is also the first regional system in the United States that services more than a single city. Performance outcomes will be monitored by the Transportation Sustainability Research Center of the University of California, Berkeley.

Reports indicate people took more than 80,000 rides in the system's first three months, traveling more than 178,000 miles on the bike-sharing system's 700 sturdy bicycles, scattered among the five cities. Officials from the Bay Area Air Quality District, which is fund-

ing and overseeing the program, consider it a success. Other reports indicate the program has struggled with minimal success, failing to become as visible and popular as anticipated. Conceptually, citizens would be encouraged to use bikes for short trips, possibly for work or shopping. Critics report, however, that the initial effort was too small and too quiet, covering too few neighborhoods with too few stations, making the whole experience more of an inconvenience than a transportation adventure.

A Bike Share station is located in North Beach on Grant Avenue, between Columbus and Vallejo, with additional stations nearby at Broadway and Battery, Embarcadero at Sansome and Embarcadero at Vallejo. Perhaps the time has come to take one of these bikes for a spin. For more information, a complete list of bike-share stations and a handy map, visit the Bike Share website at <http://www.bayareabikeshare.com>.



Bay Area Bike Share station on Grant Avenue, between Columbus and Vallejo.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE ACCARDI



By Richard Zimmerman

As summer ends, an outstanding Fall Salon schedule has been established by the Art & Culture Committee. The hard working committee has scheduled two Salons sure to be sold out.

First up is author Gary Kamiya. Kamiya will be reading from his current best-selling book, "Cool Gray City of Love: 49 Views of San Francisco". In his book, Kamiya draws verbal sketches of city neighborhoods. He researched the book by walking or biking virtually the entire city.

Kamiya says, "If you divide the city into 1,000 approximately quarter-mile-square grids, I can honestly say I have set foot or bike tire on every one of them." *New York Times* reviewer Clara Jeffery describes the book as "Kamiya's symphony of San Francisco..." and "a grand pleasure..."

Our favorite neighborhood gets a chapter in the book. Kamiya, in a chapter entitled "Genius Loci" - rep-

resenting the most perfect example of a quality - says, "Telegraph Hill is quintessential San Francisco." He continues, "The hill's heavenly details, its steps and dirt trails and secret gardens, offer escape from the tiresome abstraction through which we customarily move."

Kamiya also writes the weekly San Francisco Chronicle column, "Portals of the Past" that featuring stories of the city's past.

This will be an educational and entertaining Salon. Seating is limited; reservations are required. The details: When: October 9 at 7:00 p.m.

Where: Canessa Gallery, 708 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Note: there is no ADA access to Canessa Gallery.

The Salon is free but donations are accepted to help defray the cost.

You can reserve a seat by: Using the form at thd.org/art-and-culture; or Sending an e-mail to artandculture@thd.org with subject "Kamiya" with a maximum

of two reservations, or send mail to THD, Attention: Kamiya Salon, P.O. Box 330159, San Francisco, CA 94133. Reservations must be received by October 6.

Coming in January 2015

Our second Salon features David Talbot, author of the national best-seller, "Season of the Witch: Enchantment, Terror, and Deliverance in the City of Love" in late January 2015. Talbot chronicles the turmoil and changes in San Francisco between 1967 and 1982. The *Chronicle* calls the book "...enthraling, news-driven history..." This promises to be a great evening. Watch the Art and Culture webpage for more info as the event approaches.


Interested in joining the Art and Culture Committee? Contact us at artandculture@thd.org, or see our website (<http://www.thd.org/art-and-culture>) for more info on coming events in the neighborhood.





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Visit the THD website to explore a wealth of neighborhood history and get the latest information about what's happening on the Hill.

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Schedules of Committee Meetings

PLANNING & ZONING: Last Thursdays. Call for time and location. 986-7070, 563-3494, 391-5652.

Look to the THD website for information on THD events. **Log on to <http://www.thd.org>**

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THE SEMAPHORE

#207

Fall 2014

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Joe DiMaggio Playground

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